

From the Editorial Correspondence of the N. O. Pic.
An Affair of the Heart.
 PARIS, Thursday, July 12, 1855.
 A case of most romantic interest has lately been pending before one of the French civil tribunals—a case which will be read with avidity by those who believe in the endurance of deep-seated, sure enough love. I think that the facts of the present case will repay a perusal, and therefore give condensation.

have passed in the counties. Since then Pike county has been received at the Secretary's office, and we have received the returns received from the Clerk of Johnson county. The statement of the official vote of that county. The count of votes now stands as follows:

| | Morehead, | Clarke |
|-----------------------------|-----------|--------|
| Counties already published, | 39,539 | 62,745 |
| Clarke | 165 | 7 |
| JOHNSON, | 38 | 3 |
| | 69,464 | 61,000 |
| | 64,088 | |
| Morehead's majority, | 5,376 | |

Johnson county is reported to have given only 100 votes for the Know-Nothing ticket. From the character of the returns of the Mountain district we suppose this is correct. Know-Nothingism is bad way up there. The majority of Morehead's State is near 4,900.

JOHNSON COUNTY — OFFICIAL — Governor

husband named William Anderson, was a young sailor, who, in the summer of 1845, returned from a long cruise, and was seized of considerable fortune, made, what was rare in those days, a continental tour, and in the autumn of 1846, he visited the old city of Nantes. There he became acquainted with a young Irish woman, blooming and beautiful, as a matter of course, whose name was Catharine Burleigh; she was the daughter of a gamekeeper of the Prince de Condé, and she had been brought to Nantes, where she found such a violent passion for her that he never thought of marrying any one else. These facts it should be understood, have been brought out in the novel, and have never been recorded on the warm page of history.

The political disturbances which broke out soon after this period drove young Anderson home to England, and he did not drive his love for Catharine Burleigh into the background, but he wrote her numerous letters to the gamekeeper's daughter, breathing the depth of his attachment; he drove remorse—sent her remittances of money; but was not permitted to see her, all his epistles and drams were intercepted, but could be ever receive any tidings of his loved one.

On the establishment of peace in 1845, or twenty

[illegible]

William Anderson, the more than middle-aged man who had been so long and so ardently loved as fiercely as ever, hurried over to France, and proceeded post-haste to Nantes; but there he could learn no tidings of Catherine; further, she had died. He had been told that she had died twenty years, or until 1835, he continued to her—he stuck to it with a pertinacity that would have brooked out Japhet in search of a father—but he was not to be deterred. He had been told that secret agents to work, he hunted up and down himself, but the track of the lady no one could discover.

At length Mr. Anderson tried the benefits of advertising, and this time he got on the right track. A notice was inserted in the *Journal de la Loire*, and to his inexpressible delight it was answered by Catherine herself. He had to see her—he was burning with impatience to embrace his long lost Catherine—but when he reached Nantes, he found that she was Catherine Burthe no more, but was now Catherine de Tithan Lansleville for more than forty years, and was a *grandmother*.

She was a stout, plump, and a hard-bone, to a person who had lived so long, and so long and so ardently loved. As Mr. William Anderson, and in the first sad moments of his cruel disappointment he started back, and said, "But there he found out that, notwithstanding."

But there he found out that, notwithstanding. He was now a man of sixty, a discreet age of seventy odd, his passion was subdued, and in the extremity of his unyielding love

to that flour sold at 30 shillings less per barrel than the flour sold in the city. The flour dealer is not likely to have the right marking. Nor is it the very centre of the Genoaese wheat country, and consequently the flour is not of the consistent excellent quality of flour, and it is sold at 50 to 55 less than the current prices paid by our neighbors for a poorer quality of "Extra No. 1." Our advice to the mass of flour buyers is to be on their guard, and not to be misled by the marking upon flour barrels. If not sufficiently experienced yourselves to judge of the quality, get a reliable dealer and buy flour warranted good. It is not a bad plan to have a flour dealer to go as well, if you are assured that it is as good as nothing, and remember, at the time you buy, that it costs a great deal less money; though you may be deceived, and you may be deceived, you will, in three times out of four, be equally good for much less money.

the permission to live near his ancient dame. This privilege was allowed him that period to his death, which occurred a few years since, he had the satisfaction of breathing the pure air of his neighborhood, to look upon pretty much the same old people, and to move about generally in the midst of the same surroundings—the sum total, as near as can be ascertained, of the satisfaction or gratification the old man had.

It is difficult to conceive a more romantic case of enduring attachment; but how was it all brought to light? Through the law. It seems that the first attorney who appeared in the case was a grandnephew, Mr. Anderson made a will, giving all his property to a nephew of the same name and leaving him a small space in her vicinity, he changed his mind, and revoked his will, and gave his nephew, and bequeathed everything to his ancient dame. The nephew has made every attempt to get a proper college, to have the last will broken, but he has failed. He has written Madame de Tilton-Laneville nee Catherine Barbe was perfectly valid. Such is love, at times; and such is law.

THE ADVANTAGE OF SINGING.—If you would keep spring in your hearts, learn to sing. It is a tonic to the soul. It is a tonic to the body. A cooing who smooths his way. A cooing song, will do as much work in a day as a given lot of nature and fretting would effect in a week.

He learned that the man could not be traced, and that he had been in the city for a short distance from Cincinnati, and he immediately set off for his locality. Crossing the river, he discovered that a person of that name had been visiting that place; he understood that this person was living with a woman whom he had later learned from the East, and who passed for his wife. He learned that the man was married to a stout wife and her paramour; it was late, and he retired to bed, and, while exploring his room, he discovered that the door of his habitation, he was attracted by a light, and he went to the door, and he shot him through the head. The next morning, Weimel, who came to the door, was shocked to find the man lying on the floor, and he rushed upon him, and the other man, who was lying on the floor, was shot through the head, and Weimel felt apparently a great deal of relief, as he was in the room in which the man was being executed, and through a hole in the wall, he saw the man lying on the floor, and he heard him, which the husband carried off, and he had no trace of either has been had.

Weimel received two of the shots—one in the head and one in the chest. The next day, the two men were considered fatal. The third grand jury was called, and the man was found guilty of the murder and in one of the bedposts. The man had stopped at a farmer's, near McKim, and he was shot through the head. Weimel was arrested that night, where he remained, until on Thursday night, and to whom he told the particular

They fill the bosom with such buoyancy that, for the time-being, you feel filled with June air, and a mandarin of clover in blossom.

Wm. C. Bryant, the poet, in writing from the East, says that the Mahomedans are fastidious and Europeanized. They are becoming careless of the marriage vow, get drunk, beat their wives, bruise their children, associate with infidels and in fact are getting to be almost like the Christians.

Most tailors leave the world in size, though their customers rarely do.

ADDING INSELT TO INJURY.—"Does the razor take hold well?" inquired a dandy who was shaving a gentleman from the country, a few evenings since. "No," replied the customer, with tears in his eyes, "it takes hold first-rate, but it don't let go worth a cent."

FIVE DOLLARS REWARD.
STRAYED FROM THE SUBSCRIBER'S
On her, on the 17th instant, a small White and Yellow-Spangled Cow, with a white hock, ears marked, saddle and tail white, and a white star on the forehead, in the neighborhood of Harrods' creek. Any one finding her and returning the above reward, will receive the same.
Wm. D. Whaley.
Cor. Market & Third sts.

1855. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1856.

The Affidavits. The Louisville journal, in order to mitigate the action of the incensed community where it published, and the virtuous indignation of good men throughout the Union, has been collecting affidavits from the persons who were the victims of the mob. We are not informed what evidence these documents were trumped up, but we believe we have won their battles, they will be discarded liberally by the public mind, and the mob, although obtained by perjury and subornation thereof.

One of these pretentious morsels of Know-Nothingism, we observed, was signed by another individual who claimed to be a master carpenter, and another individual who deemed it necessary to swear the purpose of gaining credence, that "he was never sober after the morning."

It is not our province to show coldness to ask to remember our pages with this trash, to protest impartiality, and to enable our readers to know the state of our readers, but to state the facts. Our paper is not the vehicle of libel; but if we ever determine to fill our columns with lies, we will re-publish Gulliver's travel.

FOR THE EAST!

Jaffersonville and Ohio and Mississippi Railroads
U. S. Mail Line Steamers Jacob Strader and
Telegraph No. 3,
and
THE
CINCINNATI, HAMILTON, and DAYTON
RAILROAD!!!

**Expeditious Route
TO NEW YORK, BOSTON AND
PHILADELPHIA** via Dayton & Clyde to Cleveland
direct—making the same connections as are made by any
other lines out of Cincinnati to the East and South.

No other line from Cincinnati makes quicker time to
the East and South than this line, and no one so quick
from the East by one and three-quarter hours.

The time on the Cincinnati, Hamilton, and Dayton
Road is the same as on the Erie, any other railroad in
Ohio. For three-fourths of the distance this road has
heavily level and straight track, and is so substantially
built that it can be run at high speed with greater safety than
any other line.

The First Train leaving Cincinnati, after the arrival
of the Erie, at Cincinnati, Dayton, Hamilton, and
Cleveland, and Dayton Road. The Depots are about
one hundred yards apart, and baggage can be trans-
ferred from one train to the other, avoiding the uncom-
fortable trouble of hauling it two miles through the city—
the baggage being taken to the depot, or for the passen-
ger, and on their return to the Depot procure tickets and
check their baggage.

Pittsburg passengers are not detained half an hour
at Cincinnati.

[illegible][illegible]

WHY BUTTER IS DEAR.—There is a fine pasture in the country now, and the price of butter is right to be down to a shillinga pound. Why is it? Because the butter-makers and girls don't know how to make it. For twenty years past the girls' butter-making education has been sadly neglected. They can play the piano, but cannot churn; they can cook, but can't skin the cow; they can milk, but don't know how to work out the butter. The milk, the cream, the butter, the cheese, the butter-milk. The women who made the butter in the old days, the Dutchess and Orange counties, were old, age, are passing away, and the new ones are young. That's why butter is high.

N. Y. Day & Co.

The same remarks will apply to this section, although there is a great deal of butter brought in from this city, not one-tenth part of it is fit to eat and all because the women are too lazy or too ignorant to work it properly.

CAUTION.
The traveling public is warned against the false statements made in the advertisements of the Little Miami Railroad Company. Among the most prominent of these is the statement that the Little Miami Railroad Company has been rechartered by the State of Ohio, that there is less certainty of connection between the Little Miami and the Cincinnati and Cleveland, and that the Little Miami will be changed over to the Pittsburgh Express by one route. The Little Miami will be changed over to the Pittsburgh Express by one route in four weeks, on the promise that these misrepresentation should be corrected; but they are still reiterated daily in the advertisements of the Little Miami Railroad Company.

HENRY O. AMES, Sup't. C. & D. R. R.
R. B. PHILLIPS, Sup't. C. & D. R. R.
W. H. HARRIS, Sup't. C. & D. R. R.
For further information, or to reach tickets, apply at the office of the Little Miami Railroad Company, No. 22 West Second Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.
W. B. MOORHEAD, Gen'l Agt.
W. M. WATSON, Gen'l Agt.
The Omnibus Line will call for passengers by leaving their names at the above offices.

ICE! ICE! ICE!!! FAMILIES!
Ice and Steamboats supplied with a prime article of River Ice, by calling at the subscriber's office. First and Second Streets, Cincinnati, Ohio. Ice delivered to the city by night and day. Capt. George Marley.
Orders for ice supplied by the
J. H. GALT (opposite)

